

WEEKLY EPITAPH.

Six-Page Edition.

TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA, APRIL 10, 1882.

This Page is from the Daily of Wednesday, April 5.

SILVER ORE.—A fine specimen of Tombstone silver ore was sent by mail to the Tombstone Epitaph. A dress Epitaph Printing and Publishing Co., Tombstone, Arizona.

THE VETO.

We do not think that any thoughtful person has been taken by surprise by the president's veto of the Chinese Immigration bill. As an astute politician he has been wrestling with the question for many days, and has finally decided that the paramount interest was east of the Rockies, where the people have not yet been brought into competition with coolie labor. The unanimous vote of California and Nevada count for nothing when weighed in the balance of eastern sentimentality upon this subject. With all the boastfulness of the newer England over the staid old mother across the Atlantic, we fancy that the spirit of self-protection evoked by the sturdy sons of the older England, who have settled themselves upon the islands of Oceania, is more in consonance with the laws of nations than this farcical sacrifice to the spirit of mercantile greed and impractical piety of those who shape the policy of the nation. In New Zealand, the influx of Mongolians, although not so large and threatening as to our shores, became alarming to the people and they, although dependent upon the parent country, made a law as strict and prohibitory as that just vetoed, which is to-day in full force and effect, with out opposition from either church or state. The result is that the country is saved to the present settlers and their descendants together with immigrants from kindred nations.

We can only attribute this contrast in action to the lack of mensural sentimentality in our brethren across the Pacific. They are yet more nearly allied to the older England, and have none of those flimsy notions of the newer England. A nation that has been bluff and beaten time out of mind by a few thousand polygamists is not just the one to put its hand upon the throttle valve and down brakes upon so momentous a question as this appears to be. The whole nation will have to be educated upon the subject and stirred to its very depths as it was upon the Mormon question before this heresy of the "brotherhood of man" business will be relegated to the political pit into which its advocacy hurled Geo. C. Gorham in 1867. California at the beginning of that campaign was twenty thousand Republican, and it buried George twelve thousand deep with democratic votes, from under which he has never yet been able to crawl into an elective office. It is too early yet to forecast the result of this veto upon the political struggle two years hence, but not too early to predict a defeat to the republican party in California at the approaching election in November. The public will await with an intensified interest to see what step will next be taken by the friends of the bill.

The Nugget indulges in a labored dissertation this morning to prove that Arizona should not be admitted into the Union as a state. So far as we have been able to see there has been no real earnest advocacy of such a course outside of democratic quarters.—**EPITAPH.**

If that is the case the Nugget must be a republican paper, for certainly it is not in favor of Arizona becoming a state for some time to come.—**Nugget.**

Democratic or republican—that's just what the public are interested in finding out.

CALUMET & HECLA is safe for a little while longer. The Old D. minion smelters have been started again, but "Trinidad" was found to be too weak to make a very successful run, and a Superintendent Bent Barriro wisely concluded to stop for the present. So says the Globe Chronicle. Evidently the dividends from Old Dominion are a long way in the future yet.

School Matters.

It seems that financially Tombstone school district is in a bad way. The funds have been exhausted and the school will close the first of May, and, unless some decisive action is taken by the people, they will remain closed until the first of January. A statement was made to an Epitaph reporter yesterday to the effect that no district had ever been held out, therefore no embarrassments might arise in the levy and collection of a special tax for the maintenance of the schools for the eight months succeeding May 1. It is an entire misconception that Tombstone has not been duly and legally organized as a school district. This was done when Cochise county formed a part of Pima county, and the record thereof may be found with the clerk of the board of supervisors of that county. The county superintendent of Cochise county, the Hon. J. H. Lucas, prepared a resolution or resolutions the more perfectly to designate the boundaries of the several

districts in Cochise county, which was adopted by the board of supervisors, out of which fact the clerk, Mr. R. J. Campbell, failed to make a record, therefore the district is not legally constituted. Should the school directors decide to ask for a sum sufficient to pay off the present indebtedness and carry on the schools until January 1st, say a sum not exceeding five thousand dollars, there is little doubt but what it would be cheerfully voted.

SHERMAN'S RECEPTION.

The Steps That Have Been Taken Thus Far.

Yesterday at 4 o'clock the committee of 25 met pursuant to notice, and after some discussion adopted the following programme:

The mayor, members of the city council and a committee of citizens will meet the General at Contention, where carriages will be in attendance to convey them to this city. The fire department and various fraternal societies will be invited to meet the General and party on the outskirts of the city, where a procession will be formed to escort the distinguished guests through our principal streets to the hotel. The General will be invited to meet our citizens in the evening either at Schieffelin Hall or the court house.

The mayor appointed a committee on finance consisting of three members from each ward: First ward—C. D. Repp, A. H. Emanuel and Mr. Leigh; alternates, Wm. Soule, H. Buck and J. Young. Second ward—R. F. Hafford, Samuel Black, R. J. Pryke; alternates, R. Hatch, John Gale and G. Tribolet. Third ward—M. E. Joyce, Capt. Converse, E. P. Voisard; alternates, C. E. Frederick, Wm. Hutchinson and T. F. Hudson. Fourth ward—Fred Dodge, J. A. Kelly and A. J. Ritter; alternates, Danny McCall, Henry Barron and Captain Rafferty—whose duty it will be to solicit subscriptions to defray the expenses of the occasion.

A committee of five was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Clum, Nash, Dunn, Carr and Hafford, who will choose the various subcommittees on hall, hotel, speakers, music, etc., from the general committee of 100 appointed by the mayor.

Meeting of Reception Committee.

The committee of five on reception by citizens of Tombstone to General W. T. Sherman met last evening; full committee present. This committee is composed of Mayor Carr, Councilman Nash, John P. Clum, R. F. Hafford and T. J. Dunn. On motion Mr. Dunn was chosen secretary of the committee. To carry out the programme for the reception the following committees were appointed:

Reception—G. G. Berry, F. A. Earle, Joseph Tasker, W. S. Williams, Ben Goodrich, Doctor D. McSwegan, John P. Clum. Decoration—J. M. Vizina, Casie W. Clum, F. E. Brooks, J. Nash, J. A. Haley, S. Isaacs.

Music—J. M. Nash, J. M. Clark, T. A. Archison, Dr. E. C. Dunn, H. B. Maxon, T. C. Hawkins.

Introduction—T. E. Sumner, P. T. Cobb, J. A. Church, Richard Rule, H. Solomon, M. Gray, Webster Street, H. Schneidinger, C. D. Repp, A. A. Banning.

Committee on Salute—W. A. Nash, G. W. Walker, Geo. Carr, J. Don Strong, E. T. Kearny, A. B. Conrad.

Committee on Carriages—Mayor Carr, J. M. Nash, R. F. Hafford.

Committee on Hotel and Hall—T. A. Archison, E. H. Dean, M. M. Sherman, Wm. Moore, M. B. Clapp.

Marshal—M. E. Joyce, with instructions to appoint aids.

The following resolutions were adopted: Resolved, That a general invitation be extended to all civic societies, all trades, public schools, Grand Army of the Republic, Blue and Gray, Mexican Veterans, trades unions, miners, citizens, fire companies and local organizations generally to participate in the reception of General Sherman.

Resolved, That all citizens be requested to decorate their homes and places of business during General Sherman's stay in Tombstone.

Resolved, That all committees be requested to meet this evening (April 5) at 8 o'clock p. m. sharp, at the district court room to arrange for their respective duties.

The mayor and council will meet the General at the Tombstone Hotel, and extend a welcome on behalf of the citizens. All guests and citizens are requested to assemble with the mayor and council and escort our distinguished guest to his quarters under the direction of the marshal or the day.

The line of march will be up Allen to Third street, Third street to Fremont, Fremont street to Sixth street, Sixth street to Allen, thence down Allen to the hotel.

All citizens of Cochise county are cordially invited to participate.

The following resolution was also adopted: Resolved, That the foregoing proceedings be published in "The Daily Epitaph" and the Daily Nugget, and that the papers named on committees be requested to take notice of their appointments from such publication, and act forthwith.

The committee adjourned to meet at the call of the chairman.

It is really amazing to see how assiduously the cowboys and their organs try to cover up the death of Curly William. The Tucson Star has a half column cock and bull story about what a "reliable gentleman" returned from Tombstone "says" a "deputy sheriff of Cochise county" had "recited" about the battle of Burleigh. The deputy sheriff referred to is no doubt the same one mentioned in the following item from the Dos Cabezas Gold Note: "Barney Riggs informs us that on Tuesday night the Earp party stopped at Parsley's ranch for supper. A promising young deputy sheriff, whose initials are Frank Hereford, sought safety in a corner near the house. He and Riggs were in the house when the party approached."

THE miners of Tombstone are justly indignant at the Nugget for asserting that they would sell their votes for money or in order to get employment. When the bone and sinew of the land are thus to be slandered it is no wonder they should be indignant. We fancy there will be a falling off in the circulation of the paper among that class of our citizens on account of the vile slander. And who can wonder.

R. W. Cagle, of Ayer Camp, is in town to-day, registered at the Cosmopolitan.

THE EARP PARTY.

Journal of Their Adventures and Wanderings.

As Jotted Down by One of Them for the Benefit of the Epitaph's Readers.

The following letter was received by mail to-day, written upon detached leaves from an account book, and post-marked Wilcox. It may be genuine and may not be; each reader may judge for himself: IN CAMP, April 4, 1882.

EDITOR EPITAPH:—In reply to the article in the Nugget of March 31, relating to the Earp party and some of the citizens of Graham and Cochise counties, I would like to give you the facts in this case during our trip in Cochise and Graham counties. Leaving Tombstone Saturday evening, March 25.

WE WENT INTO CAMP six miles north of town. Next morning we were overtaken by three prospectors on their road from Tombstone to Winchester district, who asked us to partake of a frugal meal, which we ate with relish, after which we traveled in company with them on the main road to Summit station, where we had dinner and awaited the arrival of the passenger train from the west, expecting

A FRIENDLY MESSENGER.

From here we continued our journey on the wagon road to Henderson's ranch where we had refreshments for ourselves and horses. Here we were informed that a gentlemanly deputy sheriff of Cochise county, Mr. Frank Hereford (for whom we have the greatest respect as a gentleman and officer) was at the ranch at the time of our arrival and departure, and have since learned the reason for not presenting himself, was fears for his safety, which we assure him were groundless. Leaving this ranch we went into camp on good grass one mile north. At seven, next morning, we saddled and went north to

MR. B. C. HOOKER'S RANCH, in Graham county, where we met Mr. Hooker, and asked for refreshments for ourselves and stock, which he kindly granted us with the same hospitality that was tendered us by the ranchers of Cochise county. As regards to Mr. Hooker outfitting us with supplies and fresh horses, as mentioned in the Nugget, it is false and without foundation, as we are riding the same horses we left Tombstone on, with the exception of Texas Jack's horse, which was killed in the

FIGHT WITH CURLY BILL.

and posse, which we replaced by hiring a horse on the San Pedro river. In relation to the reward offered by the Stock Association, which the Nugget claims Mr. Hooker paid to Wyatt Earp for the killing of Curly Bill, it is also false, as no reward has been asked for or tendered. Leaving Hooker's ranch on the evening of that day, we journeyed north to within five miles of Eureka Springs. There we camped with a freighter and was cheerfully furnished the best his camp afforded. Next morning, not being in a hurry to break camp, our stay was long enough to notice the

MOVEMENTS OF SHERIFF BEHAN and his posse of honest ranchers, with whom, had they possessed the trailing abilities of the average Arizona ranchman, we might have had trouble, where we are not seeking. Neither are we avoiding these honest ranchers as we thoroughly understand their designs.

At Cottonwood we remained overnight, and here picked up the trail of the

LOST CHARLEY ROSS, "and a lot more." We are confident that our trailing abilities will soon enable us to turn over to the "gentlemen" the fruit of our efforts, so they may not again return to Tombstone empty-handed. Yours respectfully,

ONE OF THEM.

A CHICKEN THIEF.

He Makes His Escape But Leaves His Booty.

For some time there has been complaints made by parties living in the upper end of the town, in the region of Ninth street, about depredations upon their chicken coops. One party living in the neighborhood of the depot, who had a fine flock of chickens, had been complaining of depredations, but his fellow evidently had overlooked himself and started out a little late, and got rounded up at the chicken house of J. H. Cummings, near the north end of Ninth street, where he put in an appearance about 4 o'clock and had succeeded in wringing the necks of six choice hens, when by some means Miss Cummings awoke, and hearing a noise, ran to the door and saw the fellow in the very act of robbing the roost. She called her father and soon he and his two boys were out but the thief had broke and run to the deep canyon to the north of the house. He was followed so closely by the young lady that he had to drop his swag, which was recovered, it being six choice hens, some of which cost Mr. Cummings \$2 a piece in California, which, with freight added, run the cost up to near \$3 each. After the chase was over they took a look to the west of the house and found a sack within which were fifteen chickens and hens with their necks broken, but still warm, showing that this sneak thief had been at work in the western part of the city. Those having lost chickens last night can recover their bodies by calling at Mr. Cummings's house to-day. The thief was a large man who wears small boots with very small heels. The next man who gets a sight of him will be liable to put a bullet into him, where it will do the most good.

When Gen. Sherman Will Come.

The following note, received by Mr. A. H. Stebbins, president of the Tombstone club, and very kindly furnished the Epitaph for publication, will explain just when the general of our armies may be expected:

PORT HUACUCA, April 4.—Telegram just received from Fort Grant, April 4, states that General Sherman and party will be at this post on Saturday, the 9th instant, and leave Monday, presumably for Tombstone.

W. E. Dove, Captain commanding.

This will give the various committees ample time to perfect their arrangements for the general's reception.

HEARD FROM.

The Earp Party Arrest a Desperado from Texas

And Turn Him Over to Detective Jack Duncan.

The following telegram which was published in the Epitaph on Wednesday, March 29th, elicited considerable comment in detective circles, and the knowing ones have kept their weather eye open looking for that \$2,500 reward for Frank Jackson:

DALLAS, Tex., March 29.—Detective Jack Duncan left to-day for Arizona, to secure Frank Jackson, the most desperate member of Sam Bass' gang of train robbers. Jackson has been at large since his flight at Round Rock in 1878, in which Sam Bass, Seth Barnes and others were killed. Positive information has been received that Jackson has been lurking between Las Vegas, Tucson, Tombstone and Prescott since November, at the head of a gang of desperadoes. There is a standing reward of \$2,500 for the arrest of Jackson.

CAPTURED AND TURNED OVER.

From a reliable gentleman, a reporter on this paper learned this morning that on Monday last the Earp party arrested a man that answers to the description of Frank Jackson, and turned him over to detective Jack Duncan at San Simon station, and that Duncan, who was satisfied with the prisoner's identity, took him aboard the train and started for Texas that night. It appears from what could be learned that Wyatt Earp had been in correspondence with the

TEXAS DETECTIVES.

for several months about this man Jackson and other Texas criminals, and had been notified to expect their advent into southeastern Arizona sooner or later, from the fact that they were so hard pressed by the law officers and detectives of Texas and New Mexico that they must surrender or else seek this country for shelter. In the party's wanderings they came upon this man, who answering the description of Jackson, they cultivated his acquaintance until Duncan was notified and arrived, when he was arrested and turned over and shipped east. It is said they have trace of several other notorious men whom they will turn over to the authorities when the time arrives.

LOCAL SPLITTERS.

SEVERAL young ladies and gentlemen took a moonlight horseback ride last night.

In the police court, yesterday, Tan Woo was fined \$25 and costs, amounting in all to \$41.50, for keeping an opium den.

PATSEY THORNTON and James Smith were each fined \$17.50 by Judge Wallace, for visiting places kept for smoking opium.

SAM KEE, arrested on the charge of visiting opium dens, was arraigned before Judge Wallace this afternoon. It was shown that he was not smoking at the time, and was accordingly discharged.

THE city council will meet to-night. It was a mistake in stating that they would meet last Wednesday evening. The regular night for meeting are on the first and third Wednesdays of each month.

Two persons were observed sitting face to face with their knees together, holding an EPITAPH between them; one read from one side while the other devoured the news from the other. This proves how great is the demand for the popular evening journal.

MORE improvements are being made in the way of an extension of the plank walk down Fourth street. The carpenters are busy to-day laying the plank from Banning & Shaw's ice cream parlors all the way around the corner, in front of the whole of Bauer's block.

AN EPITAPH reporter in passing down Fourth street this morning to the school house discovered simply the bridge party, through which the water is to run, of the culvert ordered built by the council, but where is the rest, when will the gulch be filled up and the crossing made easy?

THE funeral of the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Gregory took place from their residence at 3 o'clock this afternoon. The little boy had always been a delicate child, and the direct cause of his death was cerebral meningitis. Mr. Gregory himself had been quite ill but is convalescing.

THE funeral of the late Mrs. Mary C. Coy, who died at her residence on Fourth street, took place from her residence at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The funeral was held at the residence of Mrs. Coy, who was quite a little lame in this same room in New York city, and when she succeeds in getting the fifty children whom she is selecting well drilled in the piece they are to play, Tombstone will be favored with a really choice entertainment.

ITEMS AT LARGE.

From the Tucson Citizen, April 24.

Captain Smith and wife returned from Bowie last evening, to which place they had been to meet General Sherman and party.

Messrs. Harry Ward and Santiago Ainsa returned last evening from a five days visit to the coal-fields laying about sixty miles southeast of Tombstone. Mr. Ward reports the country looking well and business on the route appeared to be generally prosperous.

THE Danish government have decided to establish a consulate at this place, and, as may be seen by the notice elsewhere, desire to communicate with some suitable person for that position. A preference will, of course, be given to Danes or to persons who speak and write the Danish language.

From the Prescott (Arizona) Miner, April 1.

The first station out north from Chino, heretofore known as Helle canyon, has been changed to Hades.

THE Red Rover mine, in Cave Creek district, has pinched out at 65 feet, to a four-inch vein.

Mr. Ferguson, who lately came in from Monto Basin, tells us that that camp will be a lively one this spring. Such is the outlook for every mining camp in Northern Arizona.

Johnson and Pullen, arrested on Thursday, are innocent men, and not those wanted by Sheriff Paul, and

Sheriff Walker was telegraphed to that effect. The parties were liberated, and met their friends.

And the Earps have gone to the states, via New Mexico. One of the Earps is still deputy U. S. marshal. This fact became known to Major Safely while here and he, with his influence at Washington, has decided to have the U. S. marshal overhauled in the premises. We think the Major has worse deputies than the Earps were.

From the Globe Chronicle.

The thermometer is already reported in Phoenix over 90° Here we have during the middle of the day heat from 70° to 75° but the nights are still nearly cold enough for frost.

The news from the mines in all the adjacent regions is decidedly encouraging. Work is general, and the results good. The merchants are faithful to the camp, and helpful to the deserving.

Excellent reports from the Hoosier are coming in. Eight men are at work in a solid body of ore, which is increasing in both quality and quantity. Next week we propose giving a report from personal observation.

The Old Dominion furnace started up last week and turned out some bullion, but the Trinidad coke was found to be too weak to make a very successful run, and Supt. Burbridge wisely concluded to stop for the present and wait the arrival of the English coke, a large amount of which is now on the road to Globe, having been shipped from Wilcox last week.

LOCAL PERSONALS.

Mr. Thos. F. Coughlin, arrived from Virginia City and is looked at the Grand.

C. L. Morrill, of Charleston, is at the Russ House.

Ward Priest, wife and son, arrived from Grass Valley, Cal., and have taken rooms at the Grand.

R. J. Campbell is in town from Tucson.

T. G. Thurston, of San Francisco, is at the Cosmopolitan.

Wm. M. Downing, Esq., and daughter are at the Cosmopolitan, from Dos Cabezas.

Col. Jao. C. Davis is in town.

Captain E. P. Voisard has returned from a somewhat protracted visit to the land of Manyana, and is now packing up some of his many necessary trunks for a second visit. He is, so to speak, "to the manor born," having spent a considerable time in Mexico ere the discovery of Tombstone.

Hiding Arizona of Cowboys.

From the Prescott Democrat.

Every right-minded citizen will be glad and ready to lend a helping hand to rid Arizona of lawless men, no matter in what part of the territory they may show themselves. Governor Tritle has shown his true metal in offering the reward he has for the murderers of poor young Peel, who was so ruthlessly assassinated. Cochise county has had and is still having a hard time of it with the vendetta warfare carried on in her midst. But right will prevail, and bad men and their advisors will eventually go to the wall, and don't you forget it. Let it be published publicly by the press and privately by letter by all our citizens that bad men will be hunted down like wild beasts if they come to Arizona to ply their nefarious calling. Arizona has a great future before her; her pioneer citizens have not quelled the murderous Apaches to now quail before more villainous and murderous white scoundrels. Yesterday our law-abiding citizens, by and through the hands of our brave marshal, shot down a desperado like as if he were a mad dog. The marshal was exonerated by the coroner's jury before the sun went down, and almost before the body of the slain was cold. This must show bad men that they must not play a muck here. Arizona will rid herself of this social snailpox soon, and peace will prevail. We have a standing gallows in our jail yard ready to carry out the law upon murderers, and the trap will be sprung whenever occasion demands.

One Had Man Leas.

From the Prescott Courier, April 1.

About 3 o'clock yesterday the police and quinquies which had prevailed here up to that time, was rudely broken by the action of one Joseph Banks, a desperado, who, for some time past, had been rustling for food and drink around the Keg Saloon, Montezuma Street. Becoming offended at Mr. Boyd, the proprietor, he destroyed some property, drew his knife and threatened to carve Mr. Boyd, who immediately left the saloon and found Marshall Dodson, who started to find Banks. Coming within speaking distance of him near Judge Flurry's place, West Prescott, the Ma shall called him by name; told him to stop, etc. Banks told Dodson that he or no other officer could arrest him; called Dodson the vilest of names; picked up rocks, drew his knife and advanced towards Dodson, who kept on, urging him to surrender, put up his knife and submit to arrest. Instead of doing so, Banks kept up his abuse, and, with a heavy rock in one hand and a knife in the other, kept moving towards Dodson, who, having exhausted his patience, drew his pistol and told him to stop or he would kill him. He did not stop; so Dodson emptied his revolver at him; one of the bullets passed through the desperado's body and life soon passed out.

From the San Francisco Exchange.

A recent change in the management of this property places it upon a substantial footing, which must result to the entire satisfaction of the stockholders. At a meeting of the stockholders yesterday afternoon the following officers were elected: President, Col. A. B. Hull; Vice President, John Gamage; Secretary, R. D. Hopkins; Directors, Col. B. Hull, John

Gamage, R. D. Hopkins, C. L. Des Roches, of San Francisco, and C. R. Brown of Tombstone, A. T.; Treasurer, the Bank of California; Superintendent, R. C. Shaw. To the latter gentleman is due the credit of effecting this desirable change in the personnel of the board of officers. Though the youngest member of the company, Mr. Shaw has proved himself to be the master spirit, under whose skillful conduct of the practical working of its affairs a fresh impetus must be given to the development of the property. A conscientious and earnest student of the science of his profession, with an extensive practical experience, acquired in some of the most prominent and valuable mines of the West. Mr. Shaw has already established a high reputation throughout this coast. He leaves for Tombstone this afternoon, and will carry with him the best wishes or a large circle of friends in our midst.

CONQUEST OF PERU.

A Cell Full of Solid Gold as a Ransom for a Captive—The Aged Chieftain Answered in his Home and Before his Family's Eyes.

In 1531, after one unsuccessful attempt, Pizarro landed in Peru at the head of nearly three hundred men, about one-half of whom were mounted. His fellow adventurer was Diego de Almagro, a soldier of fortune, like himself unable to read or write his own name, but confident in the prowess of his sword. The latter soon grew jealous and discontented, and was not slow in asserting his superiority.

The great empire of Inca was distracted by the wars of the rival brothers, Husacar and Atahualpa. The Spaniard cast his fortune with the latter soon after Husacar had been overcome and cruelly murdered. At the head of one hundred and seventeen men he marched to meet the powerful Inca in 1532. He entered the Peruvian camp with signs of friendship, but treacherously made Atahualpa a captive and massacred upward of 10,000 Peruvians without losing a man. The Indian army fled in dismay, and the conqueror made himself master successively of Cuzco, the city of the Incas, and every place of importance, and then founded the present city of Lima, which he called Ciudad de Los Reyes, or City of the Kings.

Pizarro possessed the courage of Cortez, and surpassed him in perfidy. He did not long hesitate at the disposal to be made of Atahualpa, his royal captive. He loaded him with chains and visited him daily in his dungeon.

"Inca, what wilt thou do for thy freedom?" asked the Spaniard.

"I will fill this dungeon cell with solid gold," was the response.

"Do so and you are free."

Atahualpa issued proclamations and collected together all the golden ornaments of his churches and temples and palaces. These were melted down, and the dungeon cell—a large apartment—was filled with solid gold from wall to wall and from floor to ceiling.

Manatilla, a beautiful Indian princess, the daughter of Atahualpa, was at this time living with Pizarro. She loved the conqueror with a wild devotion which even the treacherous murder of her father could not dissipate, and she blindly clung to him through all his fortunes. The descendants of Pizarro by this woman are still living at Truxillo, in Spain.

Pizarro was growing old, but he continued the completion of his conquest with all the energy of his youthful ambition.

The revolt of Monco Capae, half brother of Atahualpa, engaged his serious efforts, and after building Cuzco, and at one time threatening Lima itself was only ended by the dispersion of the Peruvians; in order to cultivate their fields and avoid starvation.

But the conqueror's troubles were not at an end. Almagro, his disappointed rival, waged war against him in 1538, demanding as his share a portion of the southern country, including Cuzco. Pizarro marched to meet him, defeated him in a terrible battle, June 26, 1538, took him prisoner, and immediately put him to death with his usual remorselessness.

Almagro had formerly been Pizarro's intimate friend, and his cowardly ambition seems to have been the cause of his death.

For two years he bided time, and with using every means in his power toward strengthening his government.

Manzalpa was a woman of genius as well as of personal beauty, and she aided him greatly through her knowledge of the masses of the people with whom he dealt.

But the shadows of death were gathering around the chieftain, and the bell of fate had struck his knell.

Diego Almagro, the son of a former Almagro by an Indian woman (how strangely these blood feuds were wrought out by the poor wronged Indians) headed a conspiracy to accomplish his death.

Diego was a man of address and ability. His fellow conspirators were about twenty in number—part Spaniards and Indians, and each was sworn to strike a death blow at Pizarro's heart.

Late in the afternoon on Sunday, immediately after dinner, Pizarro was reclining on an ottoman, half divested of the iron armor he was in the habit of wearing in the day-time.

He was now seventy years of age, and, though his head was silvered and his long moustache frosted with the increasing years, he was still strong and vigorous of frame, and retaining the reckless, adventurous bearing which had always distinguished him.

One of his little children was caressing his knee, when Manatilla, their mother, entered and said excitedly:

"I see a number of suspicious men gathering in the archway on the other side of the plaza."

"Have they swords?" asked Pizarro.

"Yes; and three of them are in armor. I saw their helmets gleam in the sun. Remember, Pizarro, the palace is unprotected. It is Sunday, and you have dismissed the guard for a holiday."

"Be not alarmed, my dear. They are merry-makers," was the response, as the chieftain composed himself for his siesta.

Here the little child, as if inspired by sudden terror, began to cry and weep piteously.

"But," persisted Manatilla, "they are crossing the plaza in this direction. One of them—the leader, I think—slips and falls through the arch. He recovers himself, and they are all marching towards us with drawn swords."

"Bring me some water, my dear; I am very thirsty."

The woman departed for the water, and the next instant an angry altercation was heard with the single sentry at the door. The report of his faithful arquebus was followed almost immediately by his ringing death shriek and the clash of steel, and in a few seconds thereafter the assassins were on the threshold of the room.

Pizarro caught one glimpse of Diego, his mortal foe, and sprang to his feet. He raised his sword, which had been cast carelessly aside, and for a few moments defended himself with the valor he had shown upon a hundred fields. But he soon felt dead after dispatching three of his